



THE INVENTOR OF INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS

"I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great Anniversary Festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations from one end of the continent to the other from this time forward forever."

President John Adams.

John Adams Foretold Our Noisy Celebrations

JOHN ADAMS, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and second president of the United States, was the staunch friend of the American people. Not only did he believe it to be his duty to burn his fingers with water and to deafen the populace with all descriptions of the day, but he was also the author of the above extract.

from a letter written by him to his wife from Philadelphia on July 3, 1776. 24 hours before our Liberty Bell had proclaimed to an expectant nation that its representatives had thrown off the yoke of the tyrannical George III.

Thus it is that President Adams is the inventor of Independence day celebrations. Thus it is that the American boy has his first and most prominent authority for his hilarious observance of this, the greatest day in our history. President Adams was a comparative-

But Laura shied into the rear seat like a frightened colt, while the magnificent Rose was handed up to Ben by her chivalrous brother. Well, no matter, Ben took up the thread of his plan a little crestfallen; no matter, the Hiltons were a jolly lot and Rose was the best of company in spite of her age.

Right in the middle of a dissertation on the old-fashioned "Fourth" Jack Kennedy passed them. He lifted his cap to the Misses Hilton and bowed to Ben as he went by. But Grace Phillips was with him!

"Why? I thought—" and Rose Hilton's partner on the front seat was astonished that he did not finish the sentence.

"You did not expect to see them together," said she, nodding toward the Kennedy turnout. "O, yes; they made up weeks ago and are to be married in September." And she smiled, amused at Ben Easton's perplexed face.

"I don't know," stammered he, finally looking straight over the horses' heads and feeling that the earth must be spinning a good bit faster than usual. "Well, I know," rejoined Rose, "for I have a part in the festivities. But, my! don't look as if you had seen a ghost, Mr. Easton; it is no uncommon thing for lovers to make up, is it? I notice they generally get married then, silly things! I should never be caught that way. If a man will quarrel before marriage, rest assured he will after; and I'd as lief live with a Hottentot as a jealous husband."

Miss Hilton made a telling shot, but Ben covered up his wounds and made no sign. He was wondering if his independence was not on the wane somewhat. He wished he knew what Millie was doing; and he tried to imagine, if Miss Hilton preferred a Hottentot to one like himself, what Millie's opinion could be by this time. He was afraid the trick he meant to show her was only a mean, sneaky one, after all.

When they reached the grounds everybody seemed to have a great breezy corner on American liberty and enjoyment, but their merriment drove him into his shell farther and farther. What had he in common with them, a man who was worse than a Hottentot? He had heard of people seeing themselves occasionally, and felt that the salutary experience was coming to him.

But the Hiltons did not notice his mood in the least. When they planned something jolly, if he could not join in they simply left him out as if he were of no consequence. And when Tom proposed going to the top of a bluff, planting the stars and stripes and shooting off fireworks in order to "play it was Bunker Hill," he thought he was the biggest fool extant.

"I feel more like a toady," he muttered under his breath. "And I've already met my Bunker Hill." But they did not seem to hear him and scampered away for their sham battle, leaving him to think.

Along in the afternoon the Hiltons had excused him again and gone for a row on the water; and while he sat disconsolate and lone he saw Millie drive on to the grounds in the Hilton phaeton. The horses looked jaded and she seemed weary and troubled. If he had not been such a brute, how would he not fly to her comfort. But a boy took the horses and she sought a seat under the trees.

"I ought to go to her," he said, looking longingly her way. "But I'm to see this cursed blunder to the end. Heaven! I might as well end it now, while those confounded Hiltons are not by."

He came and stood before her penitently. She looked up. "I have been a brute," he said; "have suffered all day, too, for it. Will you forgive me, Millie?"

"I have been sorry all day, too," she said. "But you haven't done anything," he replied.

She looked reproachfully and said: "Shall I tell you why I could not come with you this morning; would you believe me?"

"You need not explain; it is all right and you would not do wrong, Millie." He spoke with eager assurance, and she smiled a little.

"Your faith in me is like a mushroom, grew in a night," she said, "and may perish in a day."

"Millie," said he, desperately, "I'll go and hang myself if you make fun of me!"

"Not on the Fourth," she objected. "Independence day, you know."

"It is a travesty on independence!" he almost groaned.

"No, you are the travesty," she corrected, merrily.

"I've been called hard names to-day,"

he returned bitterly. "A Hottentot, a frightened colt, and a travesty."

"I have heard of triple characters," she answered, smiling jolly; "but where are the Hiltons?" looking out over the water. "They came with you."

"Did they?" he queried.

"Yes; I was in the Hilton parlor when you invited them."

"You?" in astonishment.

"Yes; I went over to get the basket phæton, as auntie could ride in that. I drove to Fairview to-day," she ended, sadly.

"Millie," cried Ben, "are you too disgusted with me to take me back?"

"Back home? O, no. I planned as much with the Hiltons this morning."



"I HAVE BEEN A BRUTE."

Tom will drive the canopy-top and you will go with me in the phaeton."

"Then the Hiltons know everything?" He looked at her in humiliation.

"They know why I could not come with you this morning," she said, evasively.

Ben sat down on the extreme end of the seat and wished he knew as much as the Hiltons, just then. But he would be thankful that they did not know all. At this juncture the trio came up bedraggled and happy, carrying immense wreaths of water lilies, and were ready to go home.

"It has been such a jolly day!" exclaimed Rose; stringing a fragrant wreath on her arm and addressing Millie.

"Yes; everybody is so independently happy," answered Miss Radcliffe.

Ben Easton bit his lips and flushed to the roots of his hair. Would he get to the finish of this before it finished him?

"Fact," echoed Tom over Ben's head. "I've been having a fine time, too. When your aunt wanted the phaeton I thought we were done for; but when you sent Ben around, you let us all out, Miss Radcliffe."

"There's always a way out," put in Ben, catching at straws and hoping he was the son of a prophet at least.

But his remark must have sounded extremely funny, for it was received with a storm of applause. Tom went so far as to roll on the sward in his merriment, asking the girls to give three cheers for "the way out."

Rose shook her head warningly and exclaimed: "O, Tom! You've just missed mixing yourself with the remains of a custard pie!" and he heeded the warning in time to prevent the mix-up and a colony of ants which had intentions on the aforesaid custard.

"Ben's a prophet," said he, soberly; "there is a way out, and it comes sometimes by believing in your friends."

But Ben did not even smile.

When the shadows lengthened and everybody was getting everybody else's dinner basket, the Hiltons filled up the canopy-top with themselves and their burden of lilies and rolled merrily homeward. The phaeton followed with a more sedate couple.

"Millie," said Ben, by and by, "were you sorrowing so because I broke your heart, dear?"

"O, no," answered she, quietly. "Aunt Minerva had a telegram yesterday that Uncle Abner was dead, and to come immediately. I thought a great deal of Uncle Abner."

"O, what then you did not think of me?" chagrined in spite of himself.

"O, no; I thought you could take care of yourself; you were so independent—and she sighed complacently.

And Ben Easton knew that he had come plump up against "the finish," and had missed his dignity.



The administration building of the new Fraternal City, for consumptives, which will be located in New Mexico by the fraternal organizations of the country.

SEASON'S BATHING SUIT.

Buy Mohair or Light-Weight Serge and Make with Short Skirt and Short or No Sleeves.

Bathing suits are growing to be quite important adjuncts to a summer wardrobe. This year they're more interesting than ever, coming in tailored styles that are as well cut and shaped as a suit.

Mohair is the best material for all-around wear, and this year the new mohairs will be used, with the odd differences of weave that resolve themselves into shadow-checks and plaids and stripes. They're twice as pretty as the plain stuff, and make a much more stunning suit. There will be more suits of mohair worn than of any other material.

Whatever you do, don't make your suit of flannel—it's distinctly "out." Use serge instead. If you want something of that sort, and get a light-weight serge, so that it will keep in shape and yet not become heavy the instant it gets wet.

If you get serge, or, in fact, any woolen stuff, have it sponged before you cut into your suit. You'll not have the disappointment of spoiling it the first time you go in bathing.

High and low neck styles are equally good, but the favorite of all is a style just a little low—there's so much more freedom of movement if the neck isn't confined in a high collar. The skirt should reach just to the bend of the knee. And the sleeves should always be either short or elbow length, or, like the new swimming sleeve, just a row of straps.

A good bathing suit has the gored skirt so popular this year. A little extra fullness is got into the skirt by a box plait on each side of the front, running from about half way down to the hem. The waist is trimmed with narrow tucks, from which narrow bands of white extend, like pipings, and the idea is repeated on the skirt.

The sailor collar is a particularly good shape, and is just wide enough to give an athletic width to the shoulders without coming out so far over the tops of the sleeves as to droop when it is wet.

Down the front are buttons set in pairs, with, for fastenings, a cord joined and knotted in the middle, so as to leave a loop to slip over each button. Under the front of the waist runs a wide flap, to prevent any possible slipping of the fronts.

The belt and band around the bottom of the skirt are made of white and trimmed with several rows of stitching, and these bands should be made of the same material as the suit. It would be pretty carried out in blue mohair with a shadow check, and rimmed with plain white mohair.

CONCERNING THE BATH.

Find Out What Is Good for Oneself—What One Woman Considered an Ideal Cleansing.

Summer is the ideal time for testing one's ability to endure the daily bath, but no woman should make the change too abruptly. Neither, after taking warm baths all winter, should she attempt to plunge into cold water, like the experienced cold-water fiend. If she is accustomed to a daily tubbing in warm water, let her reduce the temperature of the water a few degrees each day until it drops to 65. If she cannot stand a cold plunge, let her try sponging with cold water. For this purpose she can use a foot-tub, filling it half or a third with tepid or warm water in which she stands, and then sponge off the body with water from the cold faucet. This sponging may be done with an ordinary sponge, a Turkish wash-rag or the bare hands. Another way to educate oneself up to the daily cold bath is to use the shower. Take a warm (not a hot) bath, lasting from six to ten minutes, and then turn on the cold shower for a quick finish. If you have no shower attached to your tub, buy for 25 cents one of the rubber tubes with a nickel spray attached, of the sort most often used for rinsing the hair after a shampoo. Attach this to the cold water faucet and spray the body with it briskly.

One successful newspaper woman, who spends the entire summer in town taking her annual vacation for sentimental reasons in October, lay down this regime of bathing. She says that she is not strong enough to take a cold dip every morning, but she takes a cold sponge, rubs herself quickly, and if it is a sunny morning rolls herself in a kimono and lies for a few moments where she can pour upon her. In winter she takes exercise for five minutes in place of the sun bath. When she comes home at night, before going to dinner, she invariably changes her gown, bathing her face, neck, chest and arms with oatmeal water, which she finds extremely soothing. Then just before retiring she takes a warm (not a hot) bath for 15 minutes, and retires to sleep the sleep of the just—and the well-cleansed.

Petticoats.

Petticoats are as simple or as elaborate as one may prefer. By all odds the most beautiful to wear with thin gowns are the hand-embroidered batiste petticoats. These are as exquisite as human ingenuity and skill can make them, and some of them are of almost fabulous price. One very dainty one bore the modest legend that it might be had for \$160! But there are pretty ones to be had as low as \$10, and they are more lasting and smarter than a silk skirt.

When Washing Hands.

The hands can be cleansed better with warm water than with cold, but they should always be rinsed afterward with cold water, as it keeps them in better condition.

ON CHEST DEVELOPMENT.

Persistent Attention to Exercises and Good Habits of Holding Chest Bring Fine Results.

"And now I come to the chest development. I have the finest chest in the world, they tell me. I am exquisitely developed—if I do say it myself. I am not good looking, but I certainly have a nice chest and bust development. And for this there are certain exercises," says an artist's model, as reported in the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"I am very supple. Sometimes I say that I was brought up in a gymnasium. I worked in a gymnasium so long and so much that my joints are very limber. I can bend forward and way back; I can bend sideways and in this way and that way. It is delightful to be able to bend your body."

"While I am fasting I bend and sway. I do the old-fashioned stunt of bending forward and laying my hands flat on the floor. I do this continually. It is the way I rest myself. If you are tired



WORTH WORKING FOR.

and if every bone in your body aches, try resting yourself by gymnastic stunts. Take off your tight clothing and exercise.

"I have certain stunts I always try. One of these is that of bending way forward and laying my hands flat on the floor. Then I throw myself back as far as I can. This makes the body arch front and back. It is lovely for the nerves and the muscles."

"I believe people would be fuller in the chest if they did these stunts more. When I see flat-chested women I feel sure that they do not exercise. They ought to begin and do stunts. It is easy and it takes no time at all. You can snatch 15 minutes out of any day to do these stunts."

"The woman who wants a nice, full chest development must not forget to throw out her chest. The flat-chested woman is apt to stoop. She bends forward; she has a cough and she looks pale. She should straighten up, throw back her shoulders, breathe deeply and take the gymnastic exercise. It would do her good to bend backward and to sway from side to side."

"The flat-chested woman could beat her chest. Beating your chest is excellent exercise. It may make you cough a little, but no matter. Give yourself a good thump, breathe deeply and don't forget that you are trying to develop your chest. The influence of mind over matter is a great deal, and a kind of instinct will tell you what to do next. I have the widest, fullest chest for my size in the world. And I think I can take a great deal of credit to myself."

THE CARE OF THE TEETH.

Children Should Be Taught the Niceties of the Toilet from Their Earliest Years.

Children should be taught to use a tooth-brush and some good dentifrice after every meal, and especially before going to bed at night. There are few things more offensive to the sight than a foul, neglected mouth, and few things easier to avoid, if proper care is given the teeth. One of the cheapest and most effective dentifrices is common table salt, dissolved in a little water, and if used with a good brush regularly, very little else will be needed. There are many tooth soaps on the market, at reasonable prices, and many of them are very good, but often they are harmful, and it is as well to make one's own dentifrice. If the gums are tender and inclined to bleed easily, select a brush adapted to their tender condition, and do not give them excessive friction. Your dentist will tell you a preparation for hardening the gums without harming them. A great many persons cannot use a hard brush. A very good tooth soap is made of prepared chalk six parts and good, pure soap, one part, rubbed together thoroughly. Charcoal, powdered pumice stone, cuttle-fish and similar substances are not readily soluble in the mouth, and often do more harm than good. The teeth should be brushed downward from both sides of the upper teeth, and upward from both sides on the lower teeth, and the mouth well rinsed with a simple solution of water and powdered borax, or water and table salt. A bit of thread, or dental floss, should be run between the teeth in order to remove any deposit which has escaped the brush.

If children were taught these little niceties of the toilet from their earliest years, the habit would become fixed, and they would not think they could neglect this important duty of cleanliness of the mouth.

A Hair Tonic.

Here is a tonic which will increase the growth of the hair: Cologne, eight ounces; tincture of cantharides, one ounce; oil of English lavender, oil of rosemary, one-half dram each. Apply to the roots of the hair once or twice a day. It is positively necessary that the scalp should be kept clean. Shampoo at least once a week.

CHURCH DIGESTARIES.

Archbishop Moeller of Cincinnati has organized a choir of priests to render Gregorian music at the funeral of all priests in his archdiocese.

At the next consistory the pope will make Braga, bishop of Petropolis, a cardinal, in accordance with Brazil's special request. Braga will be the first South American cardinal.

Bishop Hoss of the Methodist Episcopal church south will preside over the Brazil mission next fall. Bishop Galloway has charge of the missions in Japan, Korea and China. The Cuban and Mexican mission work is under the care of Bishop Candler.

Father Benson, the son of the late archbishop of Canterbury, whose reception into the church, as well as his ordination, took place within the last 14 months, is now studying theology with Mr. Stapleton Barnes at Cambridge, instead of, as he once intended, returning to Rome for that purpose.

The bishop of London might be taken for a comedian but for his costume. Were he in the theatrical profession his unfailing sense of humor would stand him in good stead. A man of exhausted energy, he does a tremendous amount of work. He is universally hailed with delight by children. In the East End the small ragmuffins run against his gaiters, and shout welcome; in the West End he is an equal favorite among the young. All regarding him as a glorified play-fellow. An admirer said recently: "When London has done killing him he will have earned his martyrdom."

Rev. Charles E. Guthrie, pastor of Park Place Methodist Episcopal church, Baltimore, announces that in future he will refuse to read the marriage service at rehearsing parties. Moreover, he discourages the idea of fashionable weddings in churches, which make rehearsals necessary, holding that such affairs make too much of the dramatic effect and dress display and too little of the solemnity of the obligation that is being assumed. Mr. Guthrie believes that an important contributing cause to the divorce evil lies in the fading out of the religious idea regarding marriage.

OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS.

Modesty is the mark of might.

Men need new hearts more than stronger harness.

Men who intend to be good to-morrow always die to-day.

The more haste men make for happiness the less intimate acquaintance they get with it.—Henry F. Cope.

My head is resting sweetly upon three pillows, infinite love and infinite wisdom and infinite sacrifice.—John Elias.

If you are poor and weak and helpless and of little account, these are only extraordinary reasons why God should care for you.—John C. Stevenson.

It is a vain thought to flee from the work that God appoints us, for the sake of finding a greater blessing to our own souls, as if we could choose for ourselves where we shall find the fullness of the divine presence, instead of seeking it where alone it is to be found, in loving obedience.—George Eliot.

QUITE UNUSUAL.

The largest wooden statue in the world is to be seen in Tokio, Japan. It is 54 feet high, and the head will hold 20 people.

A Kansas City hotel charged up several telephone messages to a deaf-mute. There's such a thing as going too far in making out a bill.

Returning to his house at Argenteuil, in France, Mr. Hugh Gooding was shot at by a discharged employe, the bullet flattening itself against a silver cigarette case, which he carried just over his heart.

Luther Burbank, the "plant wizard" of California, is evidently not the only man alive who conjures with nature. It is reported that W. Bell, of Mumby, Louth, Ireland, after experimenting for five years, has produced tomatoes and potatoes grown on the same plant from the same tuber.

Paris has a dwarf elephant about the size of a Shetland pony. Its keeper is a Senegalese, who has to sleep in a cot where the elephant can see him. The captive's favorite dish is six pounds of rice steeped in four pints of milk. He can also enjoy a nice two-pound salad.

Success Symptoms.

Dusty—What makes you think he has not realized all his ambitions? Crusty—He is so agreeable.—Judge.

WHY THEY ARE HAPPY

TWO NOTABLE RECOVERIES FROM EXTREME DEBILITY.

Husband's Strength Had Been Waning for Three Years, Wife a Sufferer from Female Weakness.

"My strength had dwindled so that I couldn't apply myself to my business with any snap but was tired and listless all the time," said Mr. Goldstein.

"I went to bed completely used up by my day's work, and when I got up in the morning I didn't feel rested a bit. I had awful headaches too, and my kidneys got out of order and caused me to have severe pains in the back. At one time I became so feeble that I could not stir from bed for three weeks."

Mr. Goldstein is a young man and had then but recently established a home of his own. His anxieties were increased by the fact that his wife was far from being robust. Mrs. Goldstein says:

"For two years I had been ill most of the time. Sometimes I was confined to bed for weeks in succession under a physician's care. I had headaches, kidney trouble, pain about the heart and many more uncomfortable symptoms connected with that weakness to which my sex is peculiarly subject."

Trouble had invaded this household and settled in it in just the years that ought to be the very happiest. Physicians could not tell them how to get rid of it.

"I was utterly discouraged," said Mr. Goldstein. "Then the urgency of some friends led me to try a blood and nerve remedy which was said to be wonderfully successful. Within a month there were unmistakable signs of improvement in my condition, and within a year I was completely well. Through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I have now as good health as I ever had in my life."

Mrs. Goldstein adds: "The wonderful effect that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had in the case of my husband led me to try them and they helped me even more quickly than they did him. One box made me decidedly better and a few months' treatment cured me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best tonic and regulator, they make pure, rich blood and when there is general weakness and disorder that is what the system needs.

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